abandon one of the guns of Poague's Battery. They had rallied and were stubbornly holding their ground. The gun was about half-way between their line-of-battle and ours. One of the lead horses had been killed, but being still attached to the swing by the tugs, his body prevented the others from moving. A boyish soldier of the 5th Ohio, familiarly called "Scotty," made a dash for the gun; detaching the living and the dead swing horses, he mounted the wheel-horse, flattened himself out along its back, dug his heels into its flanks and prodding the off-horse with his bayonet brought the gun into our line in fine style. The Confederates, when they saw what he was at, concentrated their fire on him, and we could not cease firing to help him.

Scott's Virginians were driven back into the woods by the river and probably joined the Stonewall Brigade. The 5th and 7th Ohio received orders to double-quick to the left of our line. Dick Taylor's Louisiana Tigers had broken loose and were giving our batteries at the coal-pit and their infantry support (the 66th Ohio) considerable trouble. Gen. Tyler had moved the 84th and 110th Pa. to the right of our line; the 1st W. Va. had also been moved to the right.

Some writer says: "In every great battle of the war there was a hell spot." At Port Republic it was around the guns at the coal-pit. Three times during the battle were these guns lost and won.

Capt. Cook, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," gives a graphic description of their first capture. He says: "Jackson perceived that the wooded ridge near the Lewis House, on the Federal left, was the key to the whole position, and that the artillery posted there must be silenced." Gen. Taylor was ordered to take the guns." The men

SWEPT FORWARD AT THE WORD.

They were the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th La., Wheat's battalion of 'Tigers,' and a Virginia regiment. The advance was made in the midst of one incessant storm of grape and canister. The men were mowed down like grass; dead and wounded were seen on every side, but they still rushed on, determined to take the battery or die in front of it. The Federal guns were loaded and fired with extraordinary rapidity, and the wails of agony of men torn to pieces by fragments of iron mingled wildly with the loud shouts of triumph as the troops continued to press up the hill.

"All at once was added a destructive fire from their infantry [this was the 66th Ohio alone], and men and officers went down before it in one indiscriminate mass. Of the 308 men of the 7th La. who went into the charge, 150 were either killed or wounded. The troops continued to rush forward, regardless of peril. For an instant the gun muzzles belched their iron contents in their faces, and then the crest was attained. With loud cheers the Confederates came in contact with the enemy. As the cannoneers turned to fly many were transfixed with the bayonets; the horses were shot and the guns turned upon the retreating infantry.

"But the struggle was not over. For that battery to remain in the hands of the Confederates was to lose the day. Reinforcements were hurried forward; a fresh brigade [only two regiments, 5th and 7th Ohio,] took the place of the one repulsed, and a gallant charge was made to regain the guns.

"The Louisianians were driven back and the enemy dashed forward and recovered the pieces."

The reinforcement did not take the place of "the one repulsed." The 5th and 7th Ohio struck Taylor's column on the flank, while the 66th Ohio rallied and engaged him in the front. With this exception Cook's description is correct.

The battle had now raged for five hours without intermission. The Confederates had been defeated in every onset, and

DRIVEN FROM THE FIELD.

Jackson had been reinforcing his defeated and demoralized brigades until almost his entire force had been thrown

MAKING IT HOT FOR WINDER.

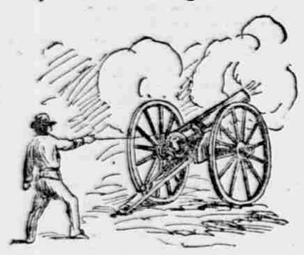
on the field. From our last stand we could see an almost unbroken line of the enemy, stretching from the river on our right to the woods on our left. We had already lost one-third of our number, and our weakened line could not stand the shock of such an overwhelming force.

Taylor's Brigade, heavily reinforced, again charged our guns at the coal-pit, and captured them. I had always regarded that oft-used metaphor—"the men were mowed down like grass before the scythe"—as somewhat overdrawn, but in that last charge it was a terrible reality. From my position on the ridge near the guns I had a clear view of the charging column.

The narrowing valley had thrown the advance of the Confederate line into a compact mass in front of the guns. Two of the gunners stood by their pieces until the advance of the charging column had almost reached the guns, then pulled the lanyards and ran. The guns were double-shotted with canister. As they were discharged two gaps opened in the Confederate column. Every man in front of those guns went down.

It was a fearful revenge those two gunners took. Capt. Cook says: "Port Republic was one of the most sanguinary battles of the war. It was fought by Northwestern troops, the best in their army. And, riding over the field after the battle, Jackson said: 'I never saw so many dead in such a small place before.'"

He referred no doubt to the small valley in front of our guns. The Con-



PULLED THE LANYARDS AND RAN.

federate line from right to left was closing in on us. It was high time to leave that field, and we left hurriedly, but not in disorder.

On account of the stiffness of my rheumatic joints and the over-exertion of the day, I found myself unable to keep up with the

RETREATING COLUMN.

As my regiment was obliquing to the right to reach the road, I thought by making a short cut across the fields I could rejoin it in the woods where the road turned to the left, and thus gain time and save myself from capture. In attempting to do this, I got in the range of a rebel battery that was trying to get the range of our retreating column. A shell struck the top-rail of a fence I had just crossed, and made kindling-wood of it; another plowed the ground in front of me. Obliquing to the left to get out of their range, I lost my direction. Passing through a narrow neck of woods, I came out on a broad meadow, overflowed in places. Here I joined a squad of a dozen or more, belonging to different regiments, who, like myself, were trying to reach the retreating column.

We had proceeded about half-way across the meadow, when two guns of a rebel battery near the river opened upon us at short range. It would have amused a disinterested spectator to watch us dodging shells. A shell would come with that unearthly shrieking that seemed to say to each one, "I am after you." Down we would go on our faces in the mud and water. The emptiness of our stomachs enabled us to flatten out very flat, possibly saving our lives, thanks to the kind Government that stinted us in our rations on such occasions. The danger past, it was up and run, only to go through the same performance farther on.

We reached the woods without loss. The rebels threw a few shells in the tree-tops and gave us up. One of the boys of the 7th Ind., who was with us, had captured a prisoner. During our retreat across the meadow, the Johnny had kept well in advance, and was as anxious to get away from his friends as we were. But when he reached the woods and was out of danger, he was inclined to lag behind, and gave his captor considerable trouble. A comrade of the 7th Ind. boy said to him: "Joe, let the —— reb go; we'll all be captured if you don't hurry along."

"Not much I don't," said Joe. "Get along, Johnny," and receiving a

SHARP PROD WITH THE BAYONET

on the right flank the Johnny moved to the front.

We could hear the noise of our retreating column and of the Confederates in pursuit. As we neared the road the query with us was whether we were coming out in our own lines or the enemy's. Reconnoitering, we could see the rear-guards of our army some distance ahead and going as if they had urgent business down the Valley.

The road was apparently clear and we dashed into it. Scarcely had we entered when a company of rebel cavalry gave us a volley and charged us with drawn sabers. A sharp turn in the road and the thick woods had concealed them from our view.

We got under cover, and by keeping in the woods and following the line of the road rejoined our several regiments; but Joe's prisoner had gone to join his friends, the enemy.

Gen. Shields met us with reinforcements about eight miles from the battlefield. When we came up to him he was on foot in the middle of the road endeavoring to rally the stragglers. On that retreat there were quite a number of stragglers,—or perhaps it might grate less harshly on their feelings to call them detached volunteers. Some of them had lost their regiments and were anxious to find them. Others had been lost by their regiments and were not anxious to find their own or any other regiment south of the Potomac.

When a squad of these detached volunteers would approach and attempt to pass him, Gen. Shields would call out: "Stop, boys; stop, now, and skirmish a bit. Halt, I say, and form a line." The boys, recognizing their General, would halt and form an irregular line.

While Uncle Jimmy was engaged in intercepting new arrivals it would occur to some fellow in the line that the Capitol at Washington might be in danger, and

HE WOULD HURRY OFF

down the Valley to save it, followed by the others. When Uncle Jimmy was ready to join his later arrivals on to his line it was gone. After a few attempts he gave up rallying detached volunteers.

The Confederates relinquished the pursuit when Shields reached us with reinforcements. We marched 20 miles that day after the battle, and that evening drew rations. Our board for two days, with a battle thrown in, had cost the Government only four crackers to each man;—economy on the cracker line, but not in some other lines.

By easy marches we reached Luray on the 12th of June. Here we parted with Gen. Shields. He had donned the stars of a Major-General after the battle of Winchester; he doffed them after the battle of Port Republic. His laurels faded. His star set never to rise again. He went to Washington and joined the army of malcontents—Generals out of a job. The disintegration of his famous division speedily followed his removal. The First and Second Brigades were sent to McClellan and fought at Malvern Hill. The Third and Fourth were sent to Pope's army, and fought in the battle of Cedar Mountain.

The question of who was responsible for the failure to burn the bridge at Port Republic has never been satisfactorily answered. Shields threw the blame on Carroll, and Carroll shouldered it back on Shields. The current report among the troops on the day of the failure was that Col. Daum had prevented it, saying:

"Don't burn ze bridge. I'll hold it mit mine artillery."

In a very brief space of time Stonewall was holding both the bridge and Daum's artillery.

Military authorities and historical writers have greatly magnified the importance of the burning of this bridge. Its destruction would not have seriously impeded Jackson in his retreat, nor could it have resulted in the defeat and capture of his army. There were several other roads by which he could have reached the Virginia Central Railroad, and have gotten his army to Richmond as expeditiously and as safely as he did by way of Port Republic. Had he been prevented crossing the river at Port Republic, Fremont would not have again attacked him; and the bridge burned, Shields could not have done so.

The battle of Port Republic, for the numbers engaged, was one of the hardest-fought battles of the war. The Union troops got no credit or praise for their bravery and fighting qualities, except from the Confederates. While this battle added fresh laurels to Jackson's renown, Jackson did not win the battle by superior generalship; his overpowering superiority in numbers gave him the victory. Shields in his official report estimates our numbers at 2,500 men. Jackson had at least 8,000 on the field, and between 6,000 and 7,000 more near at hand.

According to official reports our loss in killed and wounded was 462; captured and missing, 538. Taking Gen. Tyler's report of the strength of our force (3,000) we lost over 15 per cent. of the total engaged in killed and wounded. Estimating on the same basis, the Confederate loss was over 1,000. But as the Confederates were the attacking party, their per cent. of loss to the number engaged was greater than ours. Their actual loss was not far from 1,200. This is Capehart's estimate. We captured and brought off 67 prisoners. At one time we had between 300 and 400, but like Joe's prisoner they went back to join their friends, and, bad luck to them, took some of their captors with them.

Had Shields pushed forward his other two brigades we would have defeated Jackson. The Confederate Gen. Dick Taylor, in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," says: "Shields's brave boys preserved their organization to the last. Had Shields's whole command been upon the field we should have had tough work, indeed."

The First and Second Brigades, with their artillery and cavalry, numbered about 4,000 men. Four thousand fresh troops thrown on the battlefield of Port Republic at 10 o'clock that morning would have routed Jackson's army.

TO THE ADVANCE-GUARD—A MESSAGE FROM THE REAR-GUARD.

W. H. NELSON, FOREST GLEN, MD.

Hail! ye who have passed o'er the dark-rolling River,
Whose white tents are pitched where the mists never fall,
We, men of the Rear-guard, on the chilling strand shiver,
Waiting orders for crossing—the last bugle call.
It may come to-night, or maybap on the morrow,
But come when it may, we wait on the shore,
We have met you in joy, we have parted in sorrow,
But when we rejoin you we'll part nevermore.

Lo, see, as we strew our poor gifts on your camp-ground,
Our footsteps, how feeble, our hands, how they fail;
Soon shall we creep to our beds in the damp mound,
Then, morning—and roll-call, and—"Comrades, all hail!"
And shall we lament 'mid this glory of flowers,
Shall tear-drops of sorrow bedew our dim eyes,
When to-morrow we'll camp in Elysian bowers,
And the joy of your greetings drown all our good-byes?

Nay, here we have only a day to be sad in,
An hour for sorrow, a moment for tears;
But—yonder—Eternity, just to be glad in,
No passing of days, and no lapsing of years.
Bend low, oh, ye blest ones, and listen from Heaven,
Forgive our poor hearts, if they stumble in prayer;
We ask, when the spotless parade suit be given,
That the Stripes and the Stars may wave over us there.

Only One $10,000 Greenback.

[*New York Sun.*]

There is only one $10,000 U. S. note in existence, and that has never been issued, but is kept in the United States Treasury as a specimen. There are three $5,000 greenbacks. Two of them are in the Treasury; the third was paid out several years ago, and is probably in the vault of some bank, because it has never been heard from since. One thousand dollar notes are numerous. There are 74,146 in circulation, and over 15,000 $500 notes, 237,000 $100 notes, 260,000 $50 notes, 409,245 $20 notes, 834,924 $10 notes, and 1,152,786 $5 notes in circulation.

In his address upon his re-election Mayor Bibber, of Bath, Me., said that Prohibition had been a complete failure in that city, and it was necessary to have either a stronger public sentiment or a less vigorous law.

Reconciliation

BY AUGUSTE FAURE

Paul Reville and Jean Vernier, two well known and favorite actors, hated each other cordially.

By a sort of fatality, as soon as either of these irreconcilable enemies undertook or created a role, he was sure to see the name of his adversary, in bold type, side by side with his own on the poster of the same theater.

Both were always warmly received and applauded. Reville was irresistible in a role requiring personal beauty and noble bearing. Vernier seemed the very incarnation of meanness and treachery, the ideal scoundrel, hardened and impenitent. Regularly, every evening, toward 12 o'clock, he was unmasked and crushed under the heels of the righteous and fascinating Reville.

In their mutual desire to annihilate one another, they occasionally reached sublimity.

At the Odeon they have been seen—Reville, under the scarlet livery of Ruy-Blas, Vernier, under the Spanish cloak of Don Salluste—pouring forth their romantic tirades with such splendid sonority and expression as to create breathless enthusiasm in the crowded audience.

Again at the Ambigu they were together in "La Tour de Nesle," in "Le Bossu," and "Patrie." Always associated, always receiving together the ovations of an enthusiastic public, always great artists of the old school (so much loved by our fathers) and always leaving on any role they assumed the mark of their masterly conception. They never exchanged a word, save before the footlights, and during the long, laborious rehearsals. Then, entirely ignoring their own individuality, and projecting themselves each into his respective role, each eyeing and measuring the other with the air of a Spanish grandee, and each stimulating the other to his best, they would rise to the full hight of their splendid powers, astonishing and delighting their admiring fellow-actors.

Neither had ever taken the hand of the other, and both had openly professed the same antagonism in real life that they exhibited on the stage.

At the Actors' Club, if Vernier was alluded to in the presence of Reville, the latter simply hurled out the one word "cabotin" (strolling player), shrugging his shoulders contemptuously.

With Vernier, the epithet "pitre" was sufficient. He pronounced this word with an enjoyment quite indescribable, and after the manner of the pupils of the Conservatory, opening his mouth in the form of the circumflex accent and rolling out the r with a tremendous vibration.

Reville was a widower. Vernier was unmarried. The wife of Reville had died young—of consumption—leaving a little girl, beautiful with the beauty of a Greuze.

When Vernier, who was a good deal of a bear, caught sight of his rival on the street, leading his little girl by the hand, he was half conscious of a softened feeling toward his hated enemy, and he would growl out in his deep voice:

"What a lucky fellow he is!" and his envious eyes would follow the happy father on his way to a "patisserie," to buy a crisp little cake for Cecile.

The Porte St. Martin had announced the reproduction of "The Mysteries of Paris" for a certain date, the principal role of "The Schoolmaster" and "Prince Rodolph" to be filled by Vernier and Reville.

The disgust of Vernier knew no bounds. He to have this vile role. He to serve as a mere foil to his rival, who, in his rich robe-de-chamber, with gold girdle and tassels, would have ample opportunity of displaying his manly beauty and "air noble" in full view of the pretty women, while he, Vernier, in rags and an old fur cap, would be pelted with cabbages and execrations from the upper gallery, the wretch from the "quartier Mouffetard" being held in utter detestation by the class frequenting that part of the house.

As the rehearsal proceeded, Vernier's indignation became more and more pronounced. Suddenly, there came a rumor of Reville's illness. He had contracted a violent cold, attacking the lungs, which were seriously affected, and the poor fellow was flat on his back in the City Hospital.

His place was filled by an understudy, and as all were somewhat eagerly awaiting the expression of Vernier's satisfaction in the new arrangement, he astonished everyone by showing himself more dissatisfied than before.

Early in the evening the audience became conscious of something quite unusual—"bizarre" Vernier was not himself; he forgot his lines, passed his cues, stumbled, hesitated.

It was soon manifest to all that he missed his old associate; that he was, in short, lost without Reville, who, by his disdain, and overbearing manner, his airs of a "grand seigneur," had irritated him, aroused his temper, and spurred his ambition. Reville had indeed kindled the now sleeping fire of genius in the soul of this veteran of the melodrama.

As all were wondering, and talking over this singular "contretemps," and asking "What does it mean?" it was learned that poor Reville was rapidly becoming worse—his symptoms giving no hope of his recovery—and astonishment reached its climax as soon as it was known that Vernier was on his way to the hospital to see his rival.

When he rang the bell at the door, it was with a shaking hand. He was conducted to the chamber, where Reville, with his eyes half closed, lay in that partial sleep, in which the faintest sound—no louder than the flut-

tering of a butterfly's wings—is distinctly perceived.

Hearing a gentle step in the room, he half raised his head from the pillow, and seeing Vernier, said with a smile:

"Ah, it is you. I knew you would come. I was expecting you."

Vernier, the fierce, treacherous, impenitent rascal of the melodrama, fell, rather than seated himself, in the chair at the head of the bed, saying in his deep bass voice, "My dear old friend!" half sobbing out the words.

"Come," said Reville, "embrace me."

Beautiful "Accolade!" Thirty years of mutual hatred lost in this supreme embrace! They remained closely clasped, each in the other's arms, looking into each other's friendly eyes, full of kindness, and dimmed with tears.

Reville, raising himself on his elbow, said:

"You do not know how glad I am to see you. I cannot tell you the pleasure it gives me, for, after my child, have you not been all my life? Do you remember Ruy-Blas? 'I have the livery of a lacquay, and you the soul of one?' And to think that all that is finished! To think, my old friend, how many times I have played at burying you on the stage, and that now you are to bury me in good earnest."

And as Vernier made a slight gesture of denial, Reville continued:

"Oh, yes; I know, it is only a question of time. It is a great comfort to see you here at my side and grieving for me, and I should die content"—— Here he was interrupted by a paroxysm of coughing, but after resting a few moments added:

"No; content is not the word; I am leaving my child, my darling Cecile. It breaks my heart to feel that I shall never again feel her little arms about my neck; never again kiss her soft curls, and when I am gone what will she do? What will become of her? God help my darling! She has no one." And, overcome by emotion, he gasped for breath, as Vernier said, gently and tenderly:

"I shall be here"——

"You! Will you?"

"Dear old friend, I am alone in the world; I have no one to love. Give your child to me; I will be a father to her. Rest satisfied. She shall want for nothing. On my honor, by the memory of all our triumphs in the old days, I promise to make her happy.

I have means; much more than I need for nourishing the little creature. She shall never forget you; your name and memory shall be dear and sacred to her. I cannot say all I feel, all I mean. Will you trust me? That is right. Your hand, old friend!"

Reville's face was radiant through his tears, and he said:

"This is the most perfect of melodramas."

The next day Reville was dead.

OUR COMRADES.

HENRY H. WAUGH, BROCKTON, MASS.

While we deck their graves with flowers,
Think of them as gone before,
And as camped on fields immortal,
There to rest forevermore.

They have finished all their service,
And life's warfare now is o'er;
They have passed life's outer pickets,
Over to the other shore,

Where the days of strife are over,
Where the weary rest for aye;
Where earth's shadows never enter
Those bright realms of endless day.

Every year our numbers lessen,
Death is thinning out our ranks,
And we're marching to the river,
Even now we'er on its banks.

Soon we'll cross the swelling current,
Land upon the other shore,
Greet our comrades gone before us,
And be parted—nevermore.

TRIBUTE TO OUR FALLEN COMRADES—MEMORIAL DAY.

BY NELSON W. WARD, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Hark ye! list, while we chant a lay,
In solemn accent on this day,
To those who mingle with the dust,
Whose deeds outlive a Nation's trust;
But on the world's escutcheon fair
Forever shines their glory there;
In golden script, on roll of fame
We read, "Thou didst not die in vain."

With tender, loving hands we spread
The silent bivouac of the dead,
With rich flowers of sweet perfume
We decorate the soldier's tomb,
In memory of his gallant deeds,
When on the battlefield he leads
To victory, or with fallen slain,
We know thou didst not die in vain.

Sleep on, in thy silent retreat,
Until the last long roll shall beat,
When the trumpet's loud blast will call
The Nation's dead together, all
To stand before the great white throne,
Dear Captain, choose us for thine own;
And Heaven echo the glad refrain,
Thou didst not live nor die in vain.

Symptoms.

[*Indianapolis Journal.*]

"Mary," said the elderly farmer, "I 'spect you better have the doctor in and have me bled, er sumh'm."

"What is the matter weth you, Silas?" asked his sponse.

"I think I am about due to buy another gold brick. I sorter feel it comin' on."

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from first page.)

there, and T. Butler King, of Georgia, had come out from the East, scheming for office. He staid with us at Sonoma, and was generally regarded as the Government candidate for United States Senator. Gen. Riley, as Governor, and Capt. Halleck, as Secretary of State, had issued a proclamation for the election of a Convention to frame a State Constitution. In due time the elections were held, and the Convention was assembled at Monterey. Dr. Semple was elected President; and Gwin, Sutter, Halleck, Butler, King, Sherwood, Gilbert, Shannon, and others were members. Gen. Smith took no part in this Convention, but sent me down to watch the proceedings and report to him. The only subject of interest was

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

There were no slaves then in California, save a few who had come out as servants; but the Southern people at that time claimed their share of territory out of that acquired by the common labors of all sections of the Union in the war with Mexico. Still, in California there was little feeling on the subject. I never heard Gen. Smith, who was a Louisianian, express any opinion about it. Nor did Butler King, of Georgia, ever manifest any particular interest in the matter. A committee was named to draft a Constitution, which in due time was reported, with the usual clause, then known as the Wilmot Proviso, excluding slavery; and during the debate which ensued very little opposition was made to this clause, which was finally adopted by a large majority, although the Convention was made up in large part of men from our Southern States. This matter of California being a free State, afterward, in the National Congress, gave rise to angry debates, which at one time threatened civil war. The result of the Convention was the election of State officers and of the Legislature which sat in San Jose in October and November, 1849, and which elected Fremont and Gwin as the first United States Senators in Congress from the Pacific Coast.

THE FIRST IDEA OF A PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Shortly after returning from Monterey, I was sent by Gen. Smith up to Sacramento City to instruct Lieuts. Warner and Williamson, of the Engineers, to push their surveys of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, for the purpose of ascertaining the possibility of passing that range by a railroad, a subject that then elicited universal interest. It was generally assumed that such a road could not be made along any of the immigrant roads then in use, and Warner's orders were to look farther north up the Feather River, or some one of its tributaries. Warner was engaged in this survey during the Summer and Fall of 1849, and had explored, to the very end of Goose Lake, the source of Feather River. Then, leaving Williamson with the baggage and part of the men, he took about 10 men and a first-rate guide, crossed the summit to the east, and had turned south, having the range of mountains on his right hand, with the intention of regaining his camp by another pass in the mountain. The party was strung out, single file, with wide spaces between, Warner ahead. He had just crossed a small valley and ascended one of the spurs covered with sage-brush and rocks, when a band of Indians rose up and poured in a shower of arrows. The mule turned and ran back to the valley, where Warner fell off, dead, punctured by five arrows. The mule also died. The guide, who was next to Warner, was mortally wounded; and one or two men had arrows in their bodies, but recovered. The party gathered about Warner's body, in sight of the Indians, who whooped and yelled, but did not venture away from their cover of rocks. This party of men remained there all day without burying the bodies, and at night, by a wide circuit, passed the mountain, and reached Williamson's camp. The news of Warner's death cast a gloom over all the old Californians, who knew him well. He was a careful, prudent, and honest officer, well qualified for his business, and extremely accurate in all his work. He and I had been intimately associated during our four years together in California, and I felt his loss deeply. The season was then too far advanced to attempt to avenge his death, and it was not until the next Spring that a party was sent out to gather up and bury his scattered bones.

[*To be continued.*]

A Ghastly Battlefield.

In Chile, on the battlefield of Tarapaca, the bodies of the slain lie just as they fell in the battle between the Peruvians and Chileans, which took place before the annexation of Tarapaca by Chile in 1883. Four thousand men and 1,000 horses were killed on that occasion, and the bodies were left unburied. It never rains at Tarapaca, and the sun has dried the corpses, and the nitrate in the soil has preserved them. Upon the plateau the mummified bodies lie in ghastly confusion just as they fell, with the broken swords and bayonets as fresh-looking as on the day of the memorable fight.

A flea's mouth is placed exactly between his fore legs.